

THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## VERONICA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE"  
IN FIVE BOOKS.

### BOOK V.

#### CHAPTER V. PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

AT the Crown Inn in Shipley Magna there was intense excitement. Nothing like it had been known there within the memory of man: for, although the house boasted a tradition that a royal and gallant son of England had once passed a night beneath its roof, no one living in the old inn at the period of our story could remember that glorious occasion. Now there occupied the best rooms a foreign prince and princess! And there was the princess's maid, and the prince's valet, who were extremely superior, and troublesome, and discontented. And there had arrived a pair of horses, and a gorgeous carriage, and a London coachman, who was not quite so discontented as the maid and the valet, but fully as imposing and aristocratic in his own line. And as if these circumstances were not sufficiently interesting and stirring, there was added to them the crowning fact that the "princess" was a Daneshire lady, born and bred in the neighbourhood, and that the scandal of her elopement—and she a clergyman's daughter!—was yet fresh and green in the chronicles of Shipley Magna. What had they come for? The hunting season was over; and the hunting was the only rational and legitimate reason why a stranger should ever come to Shipley Magna at all. At least, so opined the united conclaves of stable-yard and kitchen who sat in permanent judgment on the actions of their social superiors.

"Mayhap she have come to see her

father," hazarded an apple-cheeked young scullery-maid, timidly. But this suggestion was scouted as highly improbable. Father, indeed! What did such as her care for fathers? She wouldn't ha' gone off and left him the way she did if so be she'd ha' had much feeling for her father. She'd a pretty good cheek to come back there at all after the way she'd disgraced herself. And this here prince—if so be he *were* a prince—must feel pretty uncomfortable when he thought about it. But to be sure he was a I-talian, and so, much in the way of moral indignation couldn't be expected from him. And then, you know, *her* mother was a foreigner. Certainly Mrs. Levincourt had never done nothing amiss, so far as the united conclaves could tell. But, you see, *it come out in the daughter*. Once a foreigner always a foreigner, you might depend upon that!

Nevertheless, in spite of the opinion of that critical and fallible pit audience that contemplates the performance of the more or less gilt heroes and heroines who strut and fret their hour on the stage of high life, a messenger was despatched in a fly to Shipley-in-the-Wold, on the first morning after the arrival of the Prince and Princess de' Barletti, and the messenger was the bearer of a note addressed to the Reverend Charles Levincourt, Shipley Vicarage. The motives which had induced Veronica to revisit Daneshire were not entirely clear to herself. It was a caprice, she said. And then she supposed that she ought to try to see her father. Unless she made the first advance, he probably would never see her more. Well, she would make the advance. That she felt the advance easier to make from her present vantage-ground of prosperity she did not utter aloud.

Then there was in Veronica's heart an

unappeased longing to dazzle, to surprise, to overwhelm her old acquaintances with her new grandeur. She even had a secret hope that such county magnates as Lady Alicia Renwick would receive her with the consideration due to a Princess de' Barletti. Lastly in the catalogue of motives for her visit to Shipley Magna must be set down a desire for any change that promised excitement. She had been married to Cesare five days, and was bored to death. As to Prince Cesare, he was willing to go where-soever Veronica thought it good to go. He would fain have entered into some of the gaieties of the London season that was just beginning, and have recompensed himself for his enforced dullness during the first weary weeks of his stay in England. But he yielded readily to his bride's desire; and, besides, he really had a strong feeling that it would be but decent and becoming on her part to present herself to her father.

Veronica, Princess Cesare de' Barletti, was lying at full length on a broad squab sofa in the best sitting-room that the Crown could boast. Her husband sat opposite to her, half buried in an easy chair, whence he rose occasionally to look out of the window, or to play with a small Spitz dog that lay curled up on a cushion on the broad window-sill. Veronica gave a quick, impatient sigh, and turned uneasily.

"Anima mia," said Cesare. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing! Faugh! How stuffy the room is!"

"Shall I open the window?"

"Nonsense! Open the window with an east wind blowing over the wolds right into the room? You don't know the Shipley climate as well as I do!"

"How delicious it must be at Naples now!" observed Cesare, wistfully.

"I hope I may never see Naples again! I hate it!"

"Oibò! Never see Naples again? You don't mean it!"

"What a time that man is gone to Shipley!"

"Is it far to your father's house?"

"I told you. Five English miles. It is no distance. I could have walked there and back in the time."

"It is a pity, cara mia, that you did not take my advice and go yourself. I should have been delighted to accompany you. It would have been more becoming towards your father."

"No, Cesare; it is not a pity. And you do not understand."

"I can, in truth, see no reason why a daughter should not pay her father the respect of going to him in person. Especially after such a long absence."

"I tell you, simpleton, that papa would rather himself have the option of coming here if he prefers it instead of my walking in to the vicarage unexpectedly, and causing a fuss and an esclandre, and—who knows," she added, more gloomily, "whether he will choose to see me at all?"

"See you at all! Why should he not? He—he will not be displeased at your marriage with me, will he?"

"N—no. I do not fancy he will be displeased at that!" returned Veronica, with a half-compassionate glance at her bridegroom. In truth Cesare was very far from having any idea of the service his name could do to Veronica. He was a poor devil; she a wealthy widow. Per Bacco! How many of his countrymen would jump at such an alliance! Not to mention that the lady was a young and beautiful woman with whom he was passionately in love!

"Very well then, mio tesoro adorato, then I maintain that it behoved us to go to your father. As to a fuss—why of course there would be some agreeable excitement in seeing you once more in your own home!" said Cesare, to whose imagination a "fuss" that involved no personal exertion on his own part was by no means a terrible prospect. After a moment's silence, broken only by the ill-tempered "yap" of the sleepy little Spitz dog, whose ears he was pulling, Cesare resumed: "What did you say to your father, Veronica mia? You would not let me see the note. I wished to have added a line expressive of my respect and desire to see him."

"That doesn't matter. You can say all your pretty speeches vivà voce."

The truth was that Veronica would have been most unwilling that Cesare should see her letter to her father. It was couched in terms more like those of an enemy tired of hostilities, and willing to make peace, than such as would have befitted a penitent and affectionate daughter. But it was not ill calculated to produce the effect she desired on the vicar. She had kept well before him the facts of her princess-ship, of her wealth, and of the brilliant social position which (she was persuaded) was awaiting her. A prodigal son, who should have returned in rags and tatters, and been barked at by the house-dog, would have had a much worse chance with Mr. Levincourt than one who should have appeared in such guise as to

elicit the respectful bows of every lackey in his father's hall. People have widely different conceptions of what is disgraceful. Then, too, Veronica had clearly conveyed in her note that if her father would come to see her, he should be spared a "scene." No exigent demands should be made on his emotions. A combination of circumstances favoured the reception of her letter by the vicar. He was alone in his garden when the fly drove up to the gate. Maud was absent. There was not even a servant's eye upon him, under whose inspection he might have deemed it necessary to assume a rigour and indignation he had ceased to feel. There was the carriage waiting to take him back at once, if he would go. He felt that if he did not seize this opportunity, he might never see his daughter more. After scarcely a minute's hesitation, he opened the house door, called to Joanna that he was going to Shipley Magna, and stepped into the vehicle. It chanced, as the reader is aware, that his servants knew as well as he did, who it was that awaited him at Shipley Magna. Joe Dowsett had met his friend, the head ostler of the Crown Inn, at Sack's farm, that morning, and the arrival of the prince and princess had been fully discussed between them. But of this the vicar was in happy ignorance, as he was driven along the winding road across "the hills" to Shipley.

"Here is our messenger returned!" exclaimed Barletti, suddenly, as from his post at the window he perceived the fly jingling up the High-street. "It is he! I recognise the horse by his fatness. Sommi dei, is he fat, that animal! And I think I see some one inside the carriage. Yes—yes! It is, it must be your father!"

Veronica sprang from the sofa, and ran towards a door that led into the adjoining chamber.

"Stay, dearest; that is not the way!" cried Cesare. "Come, here is the door of the corridor; come, we will go down and meet him together."

But that had been by no means Veronica's intention. In the first agitation of learning her father's approach, she had started up with simply an instinctive, unreasoning impulse to run away. At Cesare's words she strove to command herself, and sank down again in a sitting posture on the sofa.

"No—no—no, Cesare," she said, in a low, breathless tone. "I—I was crazy to think of such a thing! It would never do to meet papa in the inn-yard before all

those people. He would not like it. Stay with me, Cesare."

She took his hand in hers, and held it with an almost convulsively tight grasp. Thus they waited silently, hand in hand. Her emotion had infected Cesare, and he had turned quite pale. It was probably not more than three minutes from the moment of Cesare's first seeing the fly that they waited thus. But it seemed to Veronica as though a long period had elapsed between that moment and the opening of the sitting-room door.

"The vicar of Shipley," announced the prince's English valet, who condescended to act on occasion as groom of the chambers.

"Papa!"

"My dear child! My dear Veronica!"

It was over. The meeting looked forward to with such mingled feelings had taken place, almost without a tear being shed. The vicar's eyes were moistened a little. Veronica did not cry, but she was as pale as the false colour on her cheeks would let her be, and she trembled, and her heart beat fast; but she alone knew this, and she strove to hide it. She had put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him. And he had held her for a moment in his embrace. Then they sat down side by side on the sofa. And then they perceived, for the first time, that Prince Cesare de' Barletti, who had retired to the window, was crying in a quite unconcealed manner, and noisily using a large white pocket-handkerchief which filled the whole room with an odour as of a perfumer's shop.

"Cesare," called Veronica, "come hither. Let me present you to my father."

Cesare wiped his eyes; put the odoriferous handkerchief into his pocket, and advanced with extended hands to the vicar. He would have embraced him, but he conceived that that would have been a solecism in English manners; and Cesare flattered himself that although his knowledge of the language was as yet imperfect, he had very happily acquired the outward bearing of an Englishman.

"It is a moment I have long desired," said he, shaking the vicar's right hand between both his. "The father of my beloved wife may be assured of my truest respect and affection."

There was a real charm and grace in the way in which Cesare said these words. It was entirely free from awkwardness or constraint; and uttered in his native Italian, the words themselves appeared thoroughly simple and natural.

Mr. Levincourt was favourably impressed by his son-in-law at once. He warmly returned the grasp of Cesare's hand; and said to his daughter, "Tell Prince Barletti that although my Italian has grown rusty on my tongue, I fully understand what he says, and thank him for it."

"Oh, Cesare speaks a little English," returned Veronica, smiling. She was growing more at her ease every moment. The reaction from her brief trepidation and depression sent her spirits up rapidly. She recovered herself sufficiently to observe her father's face closely, and to think, "Papa is really a very handsome man still. I wonder if Cesare expected to see a person of such distinguished appearance." Then in the next instant she noticed that the vicar's dress was decidedly less careful than of yore; and she perceived in his bearing—in the negligence of his attitude—some traces of that subtle, general deterioration which it had so pained Maud to discover. But she was seeing him under a better aspect than any Maud had yet witnessed since her return to Shipley. The vicar was not so far changed from his former self as to be indifferent to the impression he was making on Prince Barletti. They all three sat and talked much as they might have done had Veronica parted from her father to go on a wedding tour with her bridegroom, and was meeting him for the first time after a happy honeymoon. They sat and talked almost as though such a being as Sir John Gale had never crossed the threshold of Shipley vicarage. In Cesare, this came about naturally enough. But Veronica, despite her languid princess air, was ceaselessly on the watch to turn his indiscreet tongue from dangerous topics.

And so things went on with delightful smoothness. The vicar, being pressed, consented to remain and dine with his daughter and son-in-law, and to be driven home by them in the evening. Downstairs the united conclaves were greatly interested in this new act of the drama, and criticised the performers in it with considerable vivacity.

#### CHAPTER VI. HOME, SWEET HOME!

"AND how long do you purpose remaining here?" asked the vicar, addressing his son-in-law, as they sat at table. "I presume this is merely on the way to some other place. Do you go northward? It is too early for the Lakes, and still more so for the Highlands."

Cesare looked at his wife.

"Well, how long we remain will depend on several things," answered Veronica. "We were not en route for any special destination. I did not know that Shipley Magna *could* be en route for any place. No; we came down here to see you, papa."

"Yet you have had a carriage sent down, you say?"

"Ah, yes; an 'orses," put in Cesare, "I-a, want-a, to guide-a."

"Don't be alarmed, papa. Cesare is not going to drive us this evening. We have a pretty good coachman, I believe."

"Then you *had* some intention of making a stay here?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But really I don't think I ever have what you would call an intention. That suggests such a vigorous operation of the mind. We shall stay if it suits us. If not—not; don't you know?"

Veronica uttered these words with the most exaggerated assumption of languid fine-ladyism. The time had been when such an affectation on her part would not have escaped some caustic reproof from the vicar's tongue. As it was, he merely looked at her in silence. Cesare followed his glance, and shook his head compassionately. "Ah," said he, in his own language, "she is not strong, our dearest Veronica. She has certain moments so languid, so depressed."

The vicar was for a second uncertain whether Barletti spoke ironically or in good faith. But there was no mistaking the simplicity of his face.

"Is she not strong?" said the vicar. "She used to be very healthy."

"Oh, I am quite well, papa. Only I get so tired," drawled out the princess.

Her father looked at her again more attentively. Her skin was so artificially coloured that there was small indication of the real state of her health to be drawn from that. But the dark rings round her eyes were natural. Her figure had not grown thinner, but her hands seemed wasted, and there was a slight puffy fullness about her cheeks and jaw.

"She does *not* look very strong," said the vicar, "and—I have observed that she eats nothing."

"No! Is it not true? I have told her so, have I not, mia cara? You are right, Signor Vicario; she eats nothing. More champagne? Don't take it. Who knows what stuff it is made of?"

"Cesare, I beg you will not be absurd," returned Veronica, with a frown, and an



angry flash of her eyes. "It keeps me up. I require stimulants. Don't you remember the doctor said I required stimulants?"

"Apropos of doctors," said the vicar, with an amused smile, "you have not asked after little Plew."

"Oh, poor little Plew! What is he doing?" asked Veronica. She had subsided again into her nonchalant air, temporarily interrupted by the flash of temper, and asked after Mr. Plew with the tolerant condescension of a superior being.

"What-a is Ploo?" demanded the prince.

The vicar explained. And, being cheered by a good dinner and a glass of very fair sherry (he had prudently eschewed the Crown champagne) into something as near jollity as he ever approached, for the vicar was a man who could smile, but rarely laughed, he treated them to a burlesque account of Miss Turtle's passion.

"How immensely comic!" said Veronica, slowly. She had reached such a point of princess-ship that she could barely take the trouble to part her red lips in a smile at the expense of these lower creatures. Nevertheless there was in her heart a movement of very vulgar and plebeian jealousy. Jealousy! Jealousy of Mr. Plew? Jealousy of power; jealousy of admiration; jealousy of the hold she had over this man; jealousy, yes, jealousy of the possibility of the village surgeon comparing her to her disadvantage with any other woman, and giving to that other something that, with all his blind idolatry of old days, she felt he had never given to her—sincere and manly respect. She would not have him feel for any woman what an honest man feels for his honest wife.

"I suppose," she said, after a pause, "that poor little Plew will marry her."

"Oh, I suppose so," returned the vicar, carelessly. "It would do very well. Maud thinks he will not; but that's nonsense. Plew is not very enterprising or ardent, but if the lady will but persevere he'll yield: not a doubt of it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Veronica, toying with her bracelet and looking as though she were ineffably weary of the whole subject. In that moment she was foreseeing a gleam of wished-for excitement in Shipley.

After dinner—which had been expressly ordered a couple of hours earlier than usual—they all drove along the winding turf-bordered road towards Shipley-in-the-Wold. It was a clear spring evening. The distant

prospect melted away into faint blues and greys. A shower had hung bright drops on the budding hawthorn hedges. The air blew sweet and fresh across the rolling wold. Not one of the three persons who occupied Prince Cesare de' Barletti's handsome carriage was specially pensive to the influences of such a scene and hour. But they all, from whatsoever motive, kept silence for a time. Barletti enjoyed the smooth easy motion of the well-hung vehicle. But he thought the landscape around him very dull. And besides he was the victim of an unfulfilled ambition to mount up on the high box, and drive. He was speculating on the chances of Veronica's permitting him to do so as they drove back from the vicarage. But then even if she consented, what was to become of Dickinson, his man, who was seated beside the coachman? He could not be put into the carriage with his mistress, that was clear. To be sure the distance was not very great. He might—he might perhaps, walk back! But even as this bold idea passed through Cesare's mind, he dismissed it, as knowing it to appertain to the category of day-dreams. Dickinson was a very oppressive personage to his master. His gravity, severity, and machine-like imperturbability kept poor Cesare in subjection. Not that Cesare had not a sufficient strain of the grand seigneur in him to have asserted his own will and pleasure, with perfect disregard to the opinion of any servant of his own nation, but he relied on Dickinson to assist him in his endeavour to acquire the tone of English manners.

His first rebuff from Dickinson had been in the matter of a pair of drab gaiters which the prince had bought on his own responsibility. These he had put on to sally forth in at St. Leonard's, whither he had gone with his bride immediately on his marriage; and in conjunction with a tartan neck-cloth fastened by a gold fox's head with garnet eyes, they had given him, he flattered himself, the air of a distinguished member of the Jockey Club at the very least. Dickinson's disapproval of the gaiters was, however, so pronounced, that Cesare reluctantly abandoned them. And from that hour his valet's iron rule over his wardrobe was established.

On these and such-like weighty matters was Prince Barletti pondering as he rolled along in his carriage. Veronica leaned back in an elaborately easy attitude, and while apparently steeped in elegant languor, was keeping a sharp look-out in case her secret

desire of meeting some old acquaintance on the road should chance to be fulfilled. The vicar was busy with his own private thoughts and speculations. The road was quite deserted until they neared the village of Shipley. Then the noise of the passing carriage attracted one or two faces to the cottage windows, and a dog or two barked violently at the heels of the horses. Such of the denizens of Shipley as saw Prince Barletti's equipage stared at it until it was out of sight. It was all so bright and showy, and brand new. Very different from the solid, well-preserved vehicles in which most of the neighbouring gentry were seen to drive about the country. There was a great blazon of arms on the shining panels. The coachman's livery was of outlandish gorgeousness, and the harness glittered with silver. A vivid recollection darted into Veronica's mind as the carriage dashed through the village street, of that moonlit night when the jingling old fly from the Crown Inn, which she and her father occupied, had drawn aside to let Dr. Begbie's carriage pass, as they drove home from the dinner party at Lowater House.

"Who is that respectable signora?" asked Cesare of his wife, at the same time raising his hat and executing a bow with much suavity.

"Eh? Where? What respectable signora?"

"There—that rotund, blooming English matron. What a freshness on her cheeks!"

It was Mrs. Meggitt to whom Barletti alluded. The worthy woman's cheeks were indeed all a-glow with excitement. She stood by the wayside, nodding and smiling to the vicar, who slightly—one might almost say furtively—returned her salute. From behind the ample shelter of Mrs. Meggitt's shoulder appeared the pale, pinched countenance of Miss Turtle. Her eyes saw nothing but Veronica. Their wide, steady stare took in every detail of the beauty's rich garments: the delicate, costly little bonnet sitting so lightly on a complicated mass of jetty coils and plaits; the gleam of a chain around her neck; the perfection of her grey gloves; the low, elaborate waves of hair on her forehead; and be sure that Miss Turtle did not fail to observe that the princess was painted!

"Cesare! Per carità! What are you doing? Pray, be quiet!" exclaimed Veronica, quickly, as she saw her lord about to pull off his hat once more.

"Ma come? Cosa c'è? Why may I not bow to the respectable matron?"

"Nonsense; be quiet! She is a farmer's wife. And I must say, I never saw a more presumptuous manner of saluting her clergyman. What has come to the woman, papa? She is nodding and grinning like a ridiculous old china image!"

"She did not nod and grin at you, Veronica," returned the vicar, with unexpected heat, and in a flurried, quick way. "I have a great liking and—and—respect—a great respect—for Mrs. Meggitt. I have received kindness and comfort from her and hers when I was deserted and alone. Yes, quite lonely and miserable. And let me tell you, that it would have done you no harm to return her salute. If you expect Shipley people to ko-too to you, you are mistaken. Your husband, who was to the manner born, understands how to play prince a great deal better than you have yet learned to act princess!"

Veronica was too genuinely surprised to utter a word. But silence was in keeping with the tone of disdainful nonchalance she had lately chosen to assume, and eked out by a slight raising of the brows, and a still slighter shrug of the shoulders, it was sufficiently expressive.

Cesare did not understand all that had passed between the father and daughter, and indeed had paid but slight attention to it, being occupied with gazing after Mrs. Meggitt. He was delighted with the good lady's appearance as approaching more nearly than anything he had yet seen, to his ideal of the colour, form, and size of a thorough-bred, average English-woman.

He had not got over his fit of admiration when the carriage arrived at the corner of Bassett's-lane, which, as the reader knows, was skirted on one side by the wall of the vicarage garden. The coachman pulled up his horses, and Dickinson, hat in hand, looked down into the carriage for orders.

"Which way is he to take, your 'Ighness?" demanded Dickinson.

Suddenly it rushed upon Veronica that she could not bear to be driven up Bassett's-lane to the back door of the garden. She had felt no emotion, or scarcely any, so far, on revisiting her old home. But the events of a certain February gloaming were so indissolubly associated in her memory with that one special spot that she shuddered to approach it. The whole scene was instantly present to her mind—the chill murky sky, the heap of flint stones, the carter holding the trembling

horse, and on the ground Joe Dowsett with that unconscious, scarlet-coated, mud-bespattered figure in his arms!

She sank back shivering into a corner of the carriage, and said in a voice little louder than a whisper, "Not that way, papa!" The vicar partly understood her feeling. But he could not understand why that spot, and that alone, out of all the numerous places and persons connected with the past, that she had hitherto seen, should so move her. She herself could not have told why; but it indubitably was so.

Cesare had marked her changing face and voice. He leaned forward, and took her hand. "Cara mia diletta," he murmured, "you are chill! This evening air is too sharp for you. I saw you shiver! Did not your maid put a shawl into the carriage? Let me wrap you more warmly."

Veronica accepted his assumption, and suffered herself to be enfolded in the shawl. The vicar meanwhile explained to Dickinson the road which the coachman must follow to approach the vicarage by the side of St. Gildas.

"You will see a specimen of our ancient church architecture," said Mr. Levincourt to his son-in-law in laboured and highly uncolloquial Italian.

Cesare professed himself much interested. But when his eyes lighted on the squat tower of the old church, and the bleak barren graveyard, he stared around him as though he had in some way missed the object he was bidden to look at, and as though *that* could not surely be the "specimen of ancient church architecture."

"Why, there is Mandie on the look-out for me," said the vicar. "How surprised she will be! And who is that with her? I declare it is—yes, positively it is Mr. Plew!"

#### GREAT EATERS.

THE Wiltshire boors who lately had an eating match against time probably never heard about Hercules, Ulysses, or Milo; and therefore did not know that their achievement had been far outdone. The two sweet youths wagered with each other as to which would eat a given quantity in the shortest time. One got rid of six pounds and a half of rabbit, a loaf of bread, and two pounds of cheese, in a quarter of an hour; and he was so flattered with the applause of the bystanders, that he

finished off with a beefsteak, a pint and a half of gin, and half a pint of brandy. So far good—or, rather, so far bad. Now, Mr. Badham, in his "Prose Halieutics," tells us that, "amongst immortal gluttons, Hercules the beef-eater was the chief; he would eat up the grilled carcase of a cow at a meal, with all the live coals attached to it. The edacity of Ulysses is competently attested in the *Odyssey*. Milo carried an ox round the stadium in his arms, and then with as little difficulty in his inside."

If it be alleged that these three ancient worthies never lived except in the pages of mythology, there is no difficulty in finding real mortals that will serve the purpose. Lucullus had a room in his house for every kind of supper each at a particular cost; and even his cheapest supper was worth a moderate fortune. Apicius killed himself when he had only eighty thousand pounds sterling left, fearing that he would die of starvation. One epicure had sauce for a pair of partridges prepared from two dozen; and twenty-five legs of mutton cut up to supply one choice plateful of special delicacy; and a dish prepared at endless cost from peacocks' brains.

Boehmer, a German writer, described somewhat fully the case of a man at Wittenberg, who, for a wager, would eat a whole sheep, or a whole pig, or a bushel of cherries including the stones. His strength of teeth and power of swallowing enabled him to masticate, or at least to munch into small fragments, glass, earthenware, and flints. He preferred birds, mice, and caterpillars; but when he could not get these delicacies, he put up with mineral substances. Once he devoured pen, ink, and sand-pounce, and seemed half inclined to deal in the same way with the inkstand itself. He made money by exhibiting his powers in this way until about sixty years of age, after which he lived nearly a score more years in a more rational way. Although a Latin treatise was published in elucidation of his marvellous powers, it may not be uncharitable to suppose that there was a little chicanery in the matter, as in the case of the fire-eaters with whom we are familiar at the fairs and in the streets, and who doubtless live upon more reasonable diet when not engaged in money-making exhibitions. A story is told of General Koenigsmark, an officer engaged in one of the many wars waged in bygone times by Sweden against Poland and Bohemia, which illustrates both the

pig-eating attribute and the fear which such an achievement may possibly produce in the minds of others. A peasant came to the king of Sweden's tent, during the siege of Prague, and offered to devour a large hog for the amusement of his majesty. The general, standing by, said that the fellow ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. Nettled and irritated at this, the peasant exclaimed, "If your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig," accompanying this offer with a vast expansion of mouth and jaws. Brave as he was in battle, Königsmark could not stand this; he beat a hasty retreat from the tent, and hurried to his own quarters.

In the time of Charles the First, Taylor, the Water poet, gave an account of one Nicholas Wood, a Kentish man, who had a power of stowing away a marvellous quantity of food at a meal. He was credited with having, on one occasion, devoured a whole raw sheep; on another, three dozen pigeons; on a third, several rabbits; on a fourth, eighteen yards of black pudding; while on two other occasions the quantities set down were sixty pounds of cherries and three pecks of damsons. But it will be better to disbelieve these statements, and attend to the more moderate though still startling account given by Taylor, that "Two loynes of mutton and one loyne of veal were but as three sprats to him. Once, at Sir Warham St. Leger's house, he showed himself so violent of teeth and stomach that he ate as much as would have served thirty men, so that his belly was like to turn bankrupt and break, but that the serving-man turned him to the fire, and anointed his paunch with grease and butter to make it stretch and hold; and afterwards, being laid in bed, he slept eight hours, and fasted all the while, which when the knight understood, he commanded him to be laid in the stocks, and there to endure as long as he had lain bedrid with eating." In the time of George the First there was a man who, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, tried to maintain a Lenten fast of forty days and forty nights. Breaking down in this resolution after a few days, he took revenge on himself by becoming an enormous eater, devouring large quantities of raw flesh with much avidity. Somewhat over a century ago, a Polish soldier, presented to the court of Saxony as a marvel of voracity, one day ate twenty pounds

of beef and half of a roasted calf. About the same time a youth of seventeen, apprentice to a Thames waterman, ate five pounds of shoulder of lamb and two quarts of green peas in fifty minutes. An achievement of about equal gluttony was that of a brewer's man, who, at an inn in Aldersgate-street, demolished a roast goose of six pounds weight, a quatern loaf, and three quarts of porter in an hour and eighteen minutes. Early in the reign of George the Third a watchmaker's apprentice, nineteen years of age, in three-quarters of an hour, devoured a leg of pork weighing six pounds, and a proportionate quantity of pease pudding, washing down these comestibles with a pint of brandy taken off in two draughts. A few years afterwards there was a beggar at Göttingen who on more than one occasion ate twelve pounds of meat at a meal. After his death, his stomach, which was very large, was found to contain numerous bits of flint and other odds and ends, which Nature very properly refused to recognise as food. In fact, setting aside altogether the real or alleged eating up of a whole sheep or hog, the instances are very numerous in which a joint sufficient for a large family has disappeared at a meal within the unworthy corpus of one man.

It is clearly evident that many of the records of voracious eating point to a morbid craving which the person suffers, and which is as much a disease as the opposite extreme—loss of appetite—while being still more difficult of cure. Medical men have at hand a stock of learned Greek names to apply to various manifestations of the disease. Dr. Copland describes a case which came under his professional notice. There were two children possessing insatiable appetites, of which the youngest, seven years old, was the worst. "The quantity of food devoured by her was astonishing. Everything that could be laid hold of, even in its raw state, was seized upon most greedily. Besides other articles, an uncooked rabbit, half a pound of candles, and some butter were taken at one time. The mother stated that this little girl, who was apparently in good health otherwise, took more food, if she could possibly obtain it, than the rest of her family, consisting of six besides herself."

As to fire-eaters, they have always been exhibitors rather than persons possessing a real liking for this peculiarly hot kind of food. There was one Powell, very eminent in this line of business towards the close of



the reign of George the Second. It used to be jocularly said of him, that "his common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire and leave the beef." Some of the former paragraphs in this article contain incidental notices of persons swallowing mineral substances of various kinds; and it appears that medical men recognise a disease called lithophagy, or stone-eating. Persons have been known to devour, not merely spiders and flies, toads and serpents, and other living creatures—not merely cotton, hair, paper, and wood but cinders, sand, earth, clay, chalk, flint, glass, stone, musket-bullets, and earthenware. One man could swallow billiard-balls and gold and silver watches. There is an accredited case in the medical journals of New York for 1822, of a man who could swallow clasp knives with impunity; but on one day he overshot the mark, by swallowing fourteen: it killed him. If we would go into the particulars of all these kinds of voracity, we should have to establish three grades—digesting without mastication; swallowing without digesting; and simply swallowing without either mastication or digestion. But everyone can trace this matter for himself. As to earth-eating, the young women of certain lands are said to eat chalk and clay, to improve their complexions.

Cases have been known in which the limitation to the quantity of food taken at once is brought about rather by the effects of fumes and vapours upon the brain than by an exhaustion of the deglutitory powers of the eater. One of those persons to whom a whole joint is a mere trifle was tempted to accept a wager to the effect that he could not take three shillings worth of bread and ale at a meal. The man who laid the wager provided twelve new hot penny loaves, and steeped them in several quarts of ale. The effect of the ale upon the hot crumb of the bread was such as to send off the glutton into a drowsy helplessness long before he had come to the end of his allotted task, and he was greatly mortified afterwards at having lost the wager.

If the propensity be really due to an abnormal condition of the system, a morbid craving which physiologists and physicians can trace to an organic source, the person

is no more to blame than other patients suffering under maladies. But if he boasts of his achievements, and makes them the subject of bets, we can have no difficulty in settling the degree of reprobation due to him. About forty years ago there was an inscription on the window of a small roadside inn, between Peckham and Sydenham, recording such a boast; whether railways and other novelties have swept it away, we cannot tell, but Hone described it thus:

March 16, 1810,

Thomas Mount Jones dined here,

Eat six pounds of bacon, drank nineteen pots of beer.

It is nonsense, and a libel upon the four-footed races, to call such exhibitions of gluttony brutal or beastly; seeing that real brutes and beasts eat only when they are hungry, and leave off when they have had enough.

### THE LAST OF THE CHIEFS.

THIS morning I received a letter from the distant shores of Vancouver Island. "All your Indian friends are dying off," it told me. "Last week old Tsosieten died." He was the last of the powerful coast chiefs, and this little piece of news has led me to call up many of my recollections of him, and of Tsohailum, his great rival. They were two of the most remarkable men ever seen on the North Pacific coast—pure savages; but, yet, their history has a touch of romantic interest about it. The fish-eating tribes who infest the North-West Coast and the salmon rivers flowing into the Pacific, are not a race fruitful in men of much intellect or force of character. Still, now and then some marked men rise up among them. Such a one was Leschi, who roused up the whole Indian tribes of Washington territory and Oregon to war against the whites in 1855. For two years they waged a warfare which nearly exterminated the Americans from the former country, though, to the honour of the English be it spoken, only one Hudson's Bay servant or officer was killed, and he by accident. Everywhere this extraordinary man passed among the Indian tribes, "like night from land to land," exciting them by telling them that the whites were driving them to a country where all was darkness, where the rivers flowed mud, and where the bite of a mosquito wounded like the stroke of a spear. Such was the force of his character that, in one day, the Indian tribes, over an immense extent of country, rose almost as

one man. Old Tsosieten was of another caste. His day of greatness was before the advent of the whites, and his warfare was wholly directed against the neighbouring aboriginal tribes. The hey-day of his grandeur was nearly past before I knew him, but in old times his prowess in war was sung along the coast for many a league, and still lives in the memory of the neighbouring tribes whose terror he was. His hereditary rank was only war chief of Taitka, but so steady was he in extending his conquests, that before long the whole coast paid tribute to him, and he really did not know his wealth in slaves and blankets. The Hudson's Bay Company—the only civilised power at that period—did not care to interfere with this powerful customer of theirs, and coast traders found it to their interest to ally themselves with him by espousing his handsome daughters. Like some other great men, Tsosieten was not deficient in vanity, and courted applause in a curious way. Sometimes he would buy slaves from distant tribes—the more distant the better—give them canoes and provisions, and send them off to their homes. Then, everybody would gather around them and eagerly ask, "Who bought you and set you free?" "Oh, Tsosieten bought me and set me free!" Then great was the name of Tsosieten. So wealthy and powerful did he get by-and-bye, that he sailed as far north as Sitka, in Russian-America, and bought a number of guns from the Imperial Fur Company, which he mounted on the bastions of a fort which he built on an island, in imitation of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts. Within this enclosure was the village of his own particular retainers; and here in piping times of peace he lived in state. Blind, helpless, and last of his name, he remained in his ruined fort, with only the recollection of his former greatness to console him.

"They all *call* themselves chiefs now-a-days," he said, bitterly, to me the last time I saw him. "I am the only chief!"

Tsosieten even in his own day had his rival among his people, and for long years the thought made his life bitter. This was Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan. Tsohailum was a slave's son. Gradually the boy distinguished himself, and was allowed to join Tsosieten's great war parties, where he did such doughty deeds, that on the death of the chief of Quamichan, the tribe elected him in his stead—the heir being but a sickly boy. Tsohailum was never seen to smile, and carried a huge knife in his breast day and night. So afraid was he of treachery

that he never slept in the same part of his lodge two nights in succession, and would often get up and lie down in another part, afraid of the midnight assassin. He grew so powerful that when he wanted a wife he didn't go begging like common people, but sent an envoy, and he was rarely unsuccessful, for all men feared Tsohailum, and were anxious to get connected with him. If a refusal did come war was declared. Many stories are still told of his daring. Once when visiting some of his relations on the British Columbian shore, there was much talk of the bravery of his rivals, the Nuchaltaws, of whom he affected to speak lightly. His brothers-in-law rather sneered at him, until at last to show his daring he offered to cross with a single companion in a little canoe to the Nuchaltaw village in broad daylight, and bring back a head or die. The offer was accepted, and after paddling for half a day they approached the village. Nobody appeared about except two men on the beach, who ran to the lodge for arms, scared at the sight of strange warriors. Tsohailum followed and soon brought one down, and seizing his other musket he shot the other just at his lodge door. In a trice their heads were cut off, and Tsohailum back to his canoe, before the affrighted village could recover from its surprise. Shouting his dreaded name, he and his companion sprang to their paddles and shot out of sight. Pursuit was soon given, but in vain, and before night the daring pair regained their village in triumph.

On one occasion he went to attack the Classet village, near Cape Flattery. It was dark when they arrived, and nobody was about. Tsohailum, tired of waiting for a head (for he had only one canoe), against the remonstrances of his people climbed on to the flat roof of one of the lodges, pushed the boards aside, and dropped in among his sleeping enemies. Listening for the breathing, he approached and severed a head, and escaped out as he had entered, just as the village was alarmed and the men poured out in affright. Men still talk of the feast which Tsohailum gave when he built his great lodge, and erected the huge pillars—the greatest ever seen. They are still standing. His poor old father—once a slave—stood by and looked on, half in pride, half in amazement, at the wondrous change of fortune he had encountered. "Now," said Tsohailum to him, "I am a great man just now, and so are you; but some day or other I will get killed, and then you will be nobody. *Better let me kill you!* Then

there will be many blankets given away, canoes broken and put on your grave, and muskets fired, and you will be buried like a great chief. Better let me kill you now!" The old fellow, however, much to his son's disgust, thought he would like to take his chance. Yet with all Tsohailum's power he was rather unfortunate in affairs matrimonial, as indeed might be expected from the very summary method of wooing he adopted. When a wife offended, instead of killing her, as is usual among these tribes, he would draw his knife across the soles of her feet and send her back limping and disgraced to her father's house. He always declared that he would never stoop to kill a woman.

When any one hinted to Tsohailum that he would get killed in some of his adventures, he merely replied, "The bullet that is to kill me has not yet been cast. The man who is to fire it is not yet born. When I am killed it will be by a woman, a boy, or an idiot." They still talk of this as "Tsohailum's prophecy," and point out how it came true. His end was approaching. His power and pride grew so great that he closed the Conichan River, from time immemorial the common canoe way of different tribes all friendly with him. No man but those of his own tribe, he said, should pass in front of his door. Now this was infringing the right of way, and nobody looks upon this as a more heinous offence than the Indian. So treachery began brewing for him. "He is too proud, Tsohailum—now," the old people and the young people all alike said.

On an island not far from the mouth of the Conichan River lived a small tribe called Lamalchas, mostly runaway slaves of Tsosieten, whose existence was merely tolerated. If a Lamalcha had a pretty daughter or wife, she was taken from him, and he himself treated as a slave. Now a rumour came to the ears of Tsohailum that the Lamalchas had been speaking evil of him, and saying that he wasn't such a big man as he pretended to be, and such-like calumny. Tsohailum swore that he would exterminate the dogs. Many volunteered to assist him, but he declared that he would not take good men to dogs like they, but would do it himself, only taking enough to paddle him. So he loaded his two muskets, and lay down to sleep, telling his men to rouse him when he was in sight of the Lamalcha village. They exchanged glances, and gently raising his arms, after he had got to sleep, they withdrew the charge and dropped the balls overboard. Suspecting

nothing Tsohailum was roused when in sight of the village, and the canoe drawn into a cove where the paddlers remained. The Lamalcha "village" was only one very large lodge, and nobody was about in the heat of the day. Entering the doorway he shouted his war cry, "I am Tsohailum, chief of Quamichan!"

At this dreaded cry the terrified inmates ran into a corner. Levelling his musket at the chief, he fired, but to his own and every one else's astonishment, without effect. Seizing the other, he again fired with a like failure. Meanwhile, a woman, who was sitting unperceived behind the high passage boards, at the entrance, seeing this, threw the stick they dig up shell-fish with over his head, and held him back, crying, "Now you have got Tsohailum; now he is bewitched!" The men then took courage, and, rushing upon him, hewed down with axes the chief who was looked upon as more than mortal. So Tsohailum's prophecy became true, and he was killed by a woman at last.

His old rival, Tsosieten, then gratified his contempt for him in perfect safety, by purchasing his head for five blankets, to kick about his village.\*

Now that these two men are dead, there only remains on the Vancouver coast some very inferior potentates, with little power and less glory. These two men were savages of the purest water, but I considered that their history might not be without interest. They were the last of the great chiefs.

#### LAMENT OF THE RIVER.

MOURNS the river, I came down from the mountain,  
Jubilant with pride and glee,  
Leaping through the winds, and shouting  
That I had an errand to the sea!

The rocks stood against me, and we wrestled,  
But I leaped from the holding of their hands,  
Leaped from their holding, and went slipping  
And sliding into lower lands.

I carolled as I went, and the woodlands  
Smiled as my song murmured by,  
And the birds on the wing heard me singing,  
And dropped me a blessing from the sky.

The flowers on the bank heard me singing,  
And the buds that had been red and sweet  
Grew redder and sweeter as they listened,  
And their golden hearts began to beat.

The cities through their din heard me passing,  
They came out and crowned me with their towers;  
The trees hung their garlands up above me,  
And coaxed me to rest among their bowers.

\* The Lamalchas' village was destroyed, and the tribe scattered, in 1863, by one of her Majesty's gun-boats, on account of their killing a white man.

But I laughed as I left them in the sunshine :  
There was never aught of rest for me  
Till I mingled my waters with the ocean,  
Till I sang in the chorus of the sea.

Ah me ! for my pride upon the mountain,  
Ah me ! for my beauty in the plains,  
Where my crest floated glorious in the sunshine,  
And the clouds showered strength into my veins.

Alas ! for the blushing little blossoms,  
And the grasses with their long golden drifts,  
For the shadows of the forest in the moonlight,  
And the full-handed cities with their gifts.

I have mingled my waters with the ocean,  
I have sung in the chorus of the sea,  
And my soul from the tumult of the billows  
Will nevermore be jubilant and free.

I sing, but the echo of my mourning  
Returns to me, shrieking back again  
One wild weak note amongst the myriads  
That are sobbing 'neath the thunders of the main.

O well for the dewdrop on the gowan,  
O well for the pool upon the height,  
Where the kids gather thirsty in the noontide,  
And stars watch all through the summer night.

There is no home-returning for the waters  
To the mountain, whence they came glad and free ;  
There is no happy ditty for the singer  
That has sung in the chorus of the sea.

#### ENGLISH BROKEN TO BITS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the proverb which warns us that the longest way round may be the shortest way home, short cuts have invariably exercised an absorbing influence over the mind of man. There is a fascination, to some of us irresistible, in the idea of being able to attain a desired end without painful processes of preliminary labour. To get at results without sustained effort is for some people happiness and joy.

In the matter of modern languages, in especial, short cuts find great favour. Many persons undoubtedly believe that a foreign language can be attained with ease and certainty, with no study at all. French in half a dozen lessons is a common bait with the teachers of that tongue ; so common a fly to cast over the waters of ignorance that many fish must needs rise at it. German and Italian present, if you may believe certain teachers, no more difficulties than French. Only Russian, which to the unlearned student of cigarette boxes looks less like a language than a typographical joke, appears to require any time or any labour. And there are doubtless persons who would cheerfully profess to teach, and others who would as readily profess to learn, Russian, or even Chinese, in some dozen or so of three-quarter-of-an-hour lessons. It is for persons of this stamp that are compiled those amazing polyglot phrase-books which are intended to assist

the "picker-up" of foreign tongues. For that is the formula : "Going to Paris for a fortnight, Jones ? Didn't know you could speak French." "No more I can, my boy," says Jones ; "but I'm quick at that sort of thing. Pick it up in no time." And off he goes with his phrase-book in his pocket. As it is, no great harm is done, for Jones probably finds the English language answer his purpose perfectly well in Paris, and does not find it necessary to consult his books. But if he were to try them, to what extremities would his faith in short cuts reduce him ! He would find himself represented as saying, in a dialogue with a butcher, let us say, "I want some pork, beef, lamb, mutton, venison," and, according to the book, would find it the butcher's duty to reply, "Here is a leg, a neck, a shoulder, a sirloin, a brisket, a chop, a cutlet, a quarter," and so on. It would be impossible, if the learner followed implicitly the counsels of his phrase-book, for him to ask for a pair of gloves without running through a long list of articles of haberdashery. He would be compelled to order so many things for dinner in the course of his first remark in the "dialogue with a cook," that it is possible it would be ultimately but a small shock to him to find himself endeavouring to explain his condition to the doctor in a fearful list of diseases which he would find set down for him, after the introductory remark "I am ill, unwell, indisposed," as "I have fever, cough, rheumatism, cholera, cold in the head, gout, neuralgia," and all the rest of it. And what would be his feelings on reading the reply of the doctor, evidently a very general practitioner, "I will give you a draught, a pill, a bolus, an emetic, ointment, a liniment, a gargle," and what not ? Conversational pitfalls such as these lurk in all corners of the phrase-books. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the frightful consequences of the foreign interlocutor's making a reply not provided for in the printed dialogue, which would be a tremendous circumstance indeed, and would stop up the short cut at once.

It is usually popularly supposed that this love of linguistic short cuts chiefly animates the travelling Briton ; that the phrase-book is naturally a part of the paraphernalia of our countrymen. But it is gratifying to know that in one other nation at least the art of learning languages in something less than no time is properly cultivated. The favoured youth of Portugal who may be desirous of mastering the English language may do so, with ease and



speed. A royal road to our literature is open to them. And, as its makers assure us that not only can a Portuguese student, by its means, acquire a knowledge of the English language, but that it will open a way among the intricacies of the Portuguese tongue to any stray Briton who may so desire, we are happy to afford it the publicity of these columns.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the short cut in question is a book. Its purpose may be inferred from its title page, which informs the world that it is "The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English in two parts." In the place where is usually to be found the name of the town in which a book is published occurs the word "Peking." But as it does not seem reasonable to suppose that a Portuguese and English conversation book should be published in the capital of China, we may assume "Peking" to be the name of a French publisher, inasmuch as the book, which bears a French imprint, is to be had, as the title page goes on to inform us, "To the house of all the booksellers of Paris." It is published, the preface gives us to understand, to supply an acknowledged want, "A choice of familiar dialogues"—for it is time that the author should be allowed to speak for himself—"clean of gallicisms, and despoiled phrases, it was missing yet to studious Portuguese and Brazilian youth; and also to persons of others nations, that wish to know the portuguese language. We sought all we may do, to correct that want, composing and devising the present little work in two parts, which was very kind of us indeed." After the first shock of this introduction, it is not surprising to learn that the first part includes "a greatest vocabulary proper names by alphabetical order," and that the forty-three dialogues in the second part are adapted to the "usual precisions of the life." "For that reason" (for what reason?) the author proceeds, "we did put, with a scrupulous exactness, a great variety own expressions to English and portuguese idioms;" there can be no doubt about that; "without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation; translation what only will be for to accustom the portuguese pupils, or foreign," thoughtful consideration again for the foreigner, "to speak very bad any of the mentioned idioms." It is probable that the mentioned idioms will come out rather oddly even with our friend's assistance. Further on in the preface we are told that we shall find at the end of the book some

familiar letters, anecdotes, and "idiotisms"—a promise which we eventually find to be made not without reason. Our author has found great difficulties in the way of his philanthropical labours, by reason of the lamentable incorrectness of the books of reference to which he turned for counsel and advice, and thus laments his woes in choicest English: "The *works*"—why italics?—"which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those what were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages," a complaint which, it will at once be seen, is not applicable to the New Guide of the Conversation. Furthermore, even printers combined to add to our friend's troubles: "It was resulting from that carelessness to rest these *works*"—mysterious italics again—"fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in spite of the infinite typographical faults which some times, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of those *works*"—italics once more—"the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the Portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly."

Having arrived at a clear and intelligible idea of our tutor's meaning—it must be our own fault if we have not—let us proceed with the course of study which is to teach us English or Portuguese, as the case may be.

We begin with a vocabulary in three columns, and to all appearances, at first sight, in three languages. The first is clearly Portuguese, the second can with some difficulty be detected as English broken into very little bits indeed. But some thought and study are necessary before this point can be satisfactorily determined. Many familiar words decide us that we are reading English, but then again words and expressions occur strange and unusual to English eyes. The glazed frost, the age decrepit, the decayedness, a blind (in the sense of a person deprived of sight), a squint-eyed, the quater grandfather (what can this be?), parties a town (presumably, parts of a town), a chitterling sausages, shi ass, turnsol (perhaps, from the context, a sunflower), and the like, are not easily to be recognised as English. This vocabulary is, for the convenience of students, divided in an orderly manner under several heads. To quote a few will give a good general notion of the subjects treated on, as well as of the very remarkable qualifications

which the author possesses for taking in hand the work of teaching English. Beginning with words relating to the elements, the world, the seasons, "of the time," and the like, we pass to more general and varied information. Thus, for instance, we are introduced to the "objects of man," which we are a little surprised to find comprise not only "the ring" and "the purse," which might be objects to some men if of sufficient value, but also "the worsted stockings," "the boots," and other articles of clothing. "Woman objects" is our next division; but it must by no means be supposed that our author is a disciple of the rights of woman party, and proceeds to give a catalogue of what it is woman objects to. Objects, it appears, is again to be taken as a noun and not as a verb, and woman objects are earrings, curls, petticoats, and so on, though why "the cornet" should be introduced as an object to women, when nothing is said of the lieutenant or the captain, is not clear. The list of articles of food, which comprises some curiosities such as "some wigs"—who eats wigs?—"a dainty dishes," and "a little mine," is headed briefly and expressively "eatings," and is followed naturally enough by "drinkings," among which "some paltry wine" holds a dishonourable position. It might have been known to a Portuguese that Englishmen are not in the habit of calling the juice of the Portuguese grape "porto-wine," but we must not be too critical. It is a little odd to find horses, dogs, oxen, and other four-footed creatures described as "Quadruped's beasts," though not more so, perhaps, than to come upon a list of "Insects-reptiles," while "Marine's terms" do not merely apply to that distinguished corps the Royal Marines, but include the admiral, the anchor, the vessel-captain, and even a flute. Spurs, stirrups, and other riding gear come under the head "For ride a horse." With these and other trifling exceptions column number two is undoubtedly English; but column number three defies for a long time all study and investigation. What language can it be that permits such expressions as "Thi flax ove laiteningue," "E kuor-teur ove an aur," "Yeun-gue mane," "Es-pi-txe" (rather like Chinese the two last), and "Thi txi-xe-rume?" We had almost given these riddles up as a bad job, when a fearful suspicion crept over us. What did the preface say? "It increase not to contain any of those works the figured pronunciation of the english words," "indispensable object whom wish to speak the english language correctly." It could

not be that these signs and wonders were meant as guides to the proper pronunciation of the English words in column two? Never! And yet—yes, on investigation the fatal truth cannot be concealed. It is as bad as an electric shock to find that "Thi flax ove laiteningue" is a flash of lightning; it takes nearly a quarter of an hour to make that amount of sense out of "E kuor-teur ove an aur;" our Chinese words are, young man, and, speech, and the last jaw-breaker we have quoted is known in Cheshire as, the cheese room. This is a fearful discovery. There is a morbid satisfaction in wandering up and down this terrific column. We come into the knowledge of all sorts of mysteries. Who could have supposed it possible that he, or she, was liable to the failings of eupho-laite-ness, of esteub-eurn-ness, of tretx-er-i? Unpoliteness, stubbornness, and treachery are common amongst the children of men, but these other vices, what can they be? How about discovering a seun-ine-la in your family; what relation is that personage likely to be to your keux-z'n; a word that almost defies research until a despairing appeal to column number two elicits a doubtful whisper of "cousin;" and how would you like your only unmarried daughter to be taken from you by a "heuz' beunn'd?" Does Mr. Millais know that, after all, he is only a "pene-teur" and an "ak-a-di-mix-ane" to boot? It may surprise Mr. Durham to hear of himself as an "Es-keulp'-teur," but that it appears is the proper title for artists in marble. Our medical man is nothing but a "seur-djeune," our wife a very tolerable "miu-zix-ane," we play ourselves rather neatly on the "fladj'-e-lelt," although we have but a low opinion of the "Sco-txe" national instrument the "bague-paipe," and we are rejoiced that the fact of our being an "In'g'glixe-mann" gives us a better chance of understanding the new Guide of the Conversation than is likely to be the case with persons of other nationalities. Considerations of space warn us not to linger over this fascinating column any longer, but we must cull one or two more flowers of pronunciation, just to show our readers how desirable it is that they should at once get the book for themselves. Let us, for example, amongst the "Trades," glance approvingly at the "kon'fek-xeun'-er," the "Pé-stri-kuke," and the "Txim'ni-suip-er." We are shown, it appears, to our room at the hotel by a "Txém'-beur méde," we get the "guate" in our feet, under which circumstances we call for the

assistance of a "phi-six-ane," who probably orders us to keep our "rume." In this predicament we naturally have to take our food plain, and free from stimulating "Si-z'n-in'-gues," and "uater" takes the place of "uaine," whether "huaite" or "réd." The fruit blossoms of the "a'-meunn'd-tris" herald the early spring, and are presently followed by the white cones of the "Txess-net." "Ual-neutes," "Pitxes," and "meul'-ber-is" come with the autumn. It is a pity that the "Or'-inn'-dge-tri" does not bear fruit in our cold climate. Here we may leave our friend's vocabulary, having a difference of opinion with him at parting, we regret to say. For in certain general directions for the pronunciation of diphthongs and other peculiar sounds the New Guide of the Conversation lays down the law that "W have the sound of u," and that the word wag is therefore naturally pronounced "uague." Against this assertion we really must enter a mild protest.

Leading the Portuguese or Brazilian student, for whom this valuable work is chiefly intended, along the flowery paths of learning, our author leaves the barren vocabulary for the more interesting region of "familiar phrases." Our manual contains many pages of these, intended to habituate the student to the construction of sentences. The Portuguese equivalents of the "familiar phrases" are printed with them, and we have really found them sometimes easier to make out, although we are not acquainted with the Portuguese language, than the English lines. Here are a few specimens. "Do which is that book?" "At which believe you be business?" "At what is that?" "Sing an area," which does not seem feasible. "This meat ist not over do," a remark possessing some faint glimmering of meaning. "This girl have a beauty edge," here we become unintelligible again, and drivel into observing, "That is not at the endeavour of my sight." Brigands in the neighbourhood impel us to remark, "this wood is fill of thieves," and, if we are contradicted, the obvious retort is, "how do you can it to deny?" which settles the question at once. Sancho Panza's doctor, had he been an Englishman, would have told him "That are the dishes whose you must be and to abstain," and if Sancho had felt inclined to console himself with a pinch of Hardham's '37 he would have had to ask for it in English somewhat in this way, "Give me if you please a taking your's snuff." What does this mean, "To-morrow hi shall be entirely (her master) or unoccu-

pied"? or this, "he must pull in the book by hands"? or this, "he do the devil at four?" or this again, "I wage that will, you have"? It is almost worth learning Portuguese to find out. "It must never to laugh of the unhappies" is a phrase that conveys a generous sentiment, although it might be put into better shape, and "I will accomodate you as it must do," sounds at least kind, although we can hardly apply to the author one of his own phrases which curiously enough happens to be English, "I know you have a very nice style." A further remark, "What dialogue have you read" reminds us that we have not read any. Let us therefore pass on to part the second which begins with familiar dialogues.

The familiar dialogues are in effect amplifications of the familiar phrases. They deal with a vast diversity of subjects, and no Portuguese or Brazilian youth ought ever to be at a loss for English small talk if his education has been conducted by our friend. From visits in the morning to dialogues of the well-known pattern with tailors, hairdressers, and others, from "for the comedy" to "for to visit a sick," from "for to ask some news," to "the gaming," all is fish that comes to the net of the Guide of the Conversation. What gymnastic feats are performed with the English language in this portion of the book it is impossible to describe in detail. A few specimens will indicate, as reviewers say, the general tone of the work. Under the head of "To inform oneself of a person," which appears from the context to mean to ask questions about a person, occurs this remarkable speech: "Tough he is German, he speak so much well italyan, french, spanish and english, that among the Italyans they believe him Italyan, he speak the frenche, as the Frenches themselves. The Spanishesmen believe him Spanishing and the Englishes, Englishmen." This erudite personage must clearly have been a pupil of our author's. Knowledge does not, it appears a little further on, afford him much gratification, for he remarks: "It is difficult to enjoy well so much several languages," and we should think it was. Our Portuguese or Brazilian youth is supposed in the course of his English experience to have business to transact with a horsedealer, and, as a matter of course, gets the worst of it. The very beginning of the transaction is unpromising: "Here is a horse," says our young friend, "who have a bad looks. He not sall know to march. Don't you are ashamed

to give me a jade as like?" This sorry nag has a bad time of it by-and-bye; "Strek him the bridle" is somebody's advice, "hold him the reins starters. Pique strongly. Make to marsh him." The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to interfere. Our friend is always in trouble; hear him with a watch-maker, "I had the misfortune to leave fall down the instant where I did mounted, it must to put again a glass;" or with his servants, "Anciently I had some servants who were divine my thought. The duty was done at the instant, all things were clearly hold one may look on the furnitures now as you to do see. It is too different, whole is covered from dust; the pier glasses, side-boards, the pantries, the chests of drawers, the wall selves, are changed of colours." Poor fellow! He cannot even go to the theatre with any profit. "What you say of the comedy? Have her succeeded?" his friend inquires next morning. Not a bit of it. "It was a drama: It was whistled to the third scene of last act." Naturally desirous of knowing the reasons of this decided "goosing" our friend's friend proceeds, "Because that?" and our friend's reason in conclusive, "It want the vehicle and the intrigue it was bad conducted." And we are not surprised to learn that the audience cut this bad play short and "won't waited even the upshot."

By the time he has got through the familiar dialogues the student is considered sufficiently advanced for higher flights, and a series of letters of celebrated personages is offered to his notice. Boileau writes to Racine, Fenelon "at the Lady the Marchioness of Lambert," Madame de Sevigné to "their daughter," and all in English of the most extraordinary kind.

From these intellectual exercises we pass on to several pages of anecdotes, of which let these serve as specimens:

"Siward, Duke of Northumberland, being very ill, though, he was unworthy of their courage to expect the death in a bed, he will die the arms on the hands. As he felt to approach her last hour he was commanded to hers servants to arm of all parts, and they were put him upon a armchair, keeping the bare sword. He was challenged the death as a blusterer." Here, although the last sentence is just a little obscure, the general meaning is pretty obvious, but our next example is not so clear. "A tavern keeper not had fail to tell theirs boys, spoken of these which drank at home since you will understand." "Those gentlemen to sing in chorus, give

them the less quality's wine." But what are we to think of Sauteuil who "afterwards to have read one of theirs hymnes at two friends, was cried of a tone of a demoniac, 'Here is what may call verses! Virgil and Horatio was imagined that nobody, after them, not did dare to compose some verses in their language. It is sure that these two princes of the latin poesy, after to have cut for to tell so, the orange in two, and to have pressed it have throwed out it; but I ran next to the orange, crying wait for: Sir Mantua poet, and you favourite from Mecinas, expect; I will do it in zests.'" The solution of this riddle would be a hard nut even for the ingenious gentlemen who write answers to correspondents in the Sunday papers. Another story begins: "A countryman was confessed to the parson to have robbed a mutton at a farmer of her neighbourhood." Another tells of "a man which had eaten so many than six." Six what? And, in yet another, Socrates is described as "the most vertuous of pagans."

After this nothing is left for us but the idiotisms which appropriately conclude this remarkable and eminently useful work. The first idiotism is "the necessity don't know the low," which seems a good thing for the low, and the last is "to find the magpie to nest," which may have some hidden Portuguese meaning. Between these two specimens every variety of idiotism is to be found.

We have quoted exactly and haphazard from the book which is published as we have already described. The book appears to be seriously intended for educational purposes, and not as a bad joke. There would appear to be something out of order in the Portuguese educational system, at all events as regards modern languages, if the New Guide of the Conversation has many students.

#### INFALLIBLE RELICS.

MONEY is power. No institution was ever more convinced of the truth of this axiom than the Romish church. It has, in its time, dealt in many things; but the two most productive articles in which it has ever dealt are relics and indulgences. A short summary of strange facts under each of these heads shall form two chapters of this journal.

All men are more or less fond of relics. Do not most of us look with interest on the garments of distinguished people who lived before us? Are not some of us inte-



rested, even by the horrid relics in Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors? No wonder that the Romish church, speculating on all emotions and weaknesses of the human mind, should have availed itself of this predilection.

The old Romans and Greeks had their holy relics, and some were almost Roman Catholic; for instance, the egg of Leda. The Indians carried on bloody wars about a monstrous supernatural tooth of Buddha. The Mahometans preserve the standard, arms, clothes, beard, and two teeth, of their prophet. In the Christian church, however, we find no trace of this relic-culture before the Emperor Constantine. According to the legend, he saw a cross with a victory-promising inscription in the sky, and adopted it as a standard. He conquered, and became a Christian. From that time the cross became the symbol of the Christians.

The mother of the emperor, Helena, discovered the true cross; so at least we are told by late papal authors. Contemporary historians, however, do not say one word about this remarkable discovery. According to the legend, not only was the true cross discovered, but also the crosses of the two thieves who were crucified with Our Saviour. They were all found together; but as the inscription affixed by Pilate was not forthcoming, the finders were at a loss how to discover the true cross. The priests, however, found a way to solve this difficulty. They laid a sick man on one of the crosses, and, behold! he became worse; from which they concluded that they had struck on the cross of the thief who taunted Christ. When the sick man was laid on another of the crosses, he became much better; but when he was laid on the third, he jumped up quite well. There could not be any doubt which was the true cross after this.

The graves of the apostles were likewise discovered, and the bodies of some of them too. Very pious people even succeeded in entering into direct communication with the saints. A woman at St. Maurin, for instance, who had chosen St. John the Baptist for her patron, invoked him for three years every day! imploring him to let her have only a little bit of his body, for which he had no further use. The saint would not listen to her prayers. At last the woman got desperate—as even pious women will sometimes, if they cannot have their own way—and vowed that she would not touch food until the saint fulfilled her prayer. She kept her vow for seven days, and was nearly at her last gasp, when she found on the altar the thumb of the saint! Three

bishops wrapped this holy relic very reverentially in linen, and three drops of blood fell from it; one drop per bishop.

Some saints have had several skeletons. That of St. Denis, for instance, exists in duplicate at the present time; besides a third head in Prague, and a fourth head in Bamberg, while Munich can boast of a hand of his. This remarkable saint, therefore, had two perfect bodies, four heads, and five hands; it cannot possibly be otherwise; for each of these relics has to show for its genuineness, a document of authenticity from an infallible Pope.

Albertus Magnus, Bishop of Regensburg, devoted a great deal of learning to investigations about the bodily appearance of the Holy Virgin, and to trying to find out what kind of eyes and hair she had. As the present compiler does not feel inclined to read the eight hundred books left to us of this gentleman's writings, he does not know the result of his researches; but, according to the specimens of her hair, testified to by popes as genuine, it must have been piebald; for the infallible relics of it are fair, red, brown, and black.

The most ponderous relic left of the Virgin Mary is her house, now in Loretto. This house stood once, of course, in Palestine; but, according to the legend, angels carried it to Italy. They placed it first at Tersatto, near Fiume; but in the year 1297 they transported it to Loretto. It is a wonderful circumstance that the houses of Palestine of the time of Our Saviour should have so exactly resembled the peasants' houses in the neighbourhood of Loretto. It is enshrined now in a magnificent church, and thousands and thousands of pilgrims flock there, to stir their rosaries in the mug of the infant Christ, and to depose a more or less considerable sum on the altar.

The credulity of people in the matter of relics really surpasses belief. One monk, by name Eiselin, travelled in 1500 in Wurtemberg, exhibiting to the faithful a pinion of the wing of the Archangel Gabriel. Who kissed it (and of course paid for it) could not be seized by the plague. When staying in the little town of Aldingen, this precious relic was stolen from him. Eiselin, however, was not at a loss; before the very eyes of his hostess, he filled his empty casket with hay, and exhibited it as hay from the manger in Bethlehem. All the faithful thronged to kiss it, and the hostess among them; so that the monk whispered, full of astonishment, into her ear: "Even you, sweetheart?"

At the time of the crusades, the world

was overflowed with relics. Whenever a town in the Holy Land was conquered, the crusaders looked first for relics, as more precious than golden gems. Lewis the Saint made two unfortunate crusades, but he comforted himself with the relics he brought home. These were, some splinters from the cross, a few nails, the sponge, the purple coat which the mocking soldiers threw over the shoulders of Christ, and the thorn crown. These holy things he acquired for immense sums. When they arrived, he and his whole court went out barefoot as far as Vincennes to meet them.

Henry the Lion brought many relics to Brunswick: among them the thumb of St. Mark, for which the Venetians offered in vain one hundred thousand ducats.

The whole wardrobe of Our Saviour, of the Holy Virgin, of St. Joseph, and of many saints turned up, certified by Infallibility. The holy lance was found, with which the Roman knight Longinus wounded the body; also the handkerchief of St. Veronica, which she handed to Christ to wipe his face when he was on his way to Golgotha, and on which he left the impression of his features. This handkerchief must have been at least fifty yards long, to judge from the pieces (always certified by Infallibility) which are shown at different places. The dish of emerald was found, which was presented to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and from which Christ ate the Easter lamb; the waterpots were found from the wedding at Cana, and they were still filled with wine. There exist so many splinters of the cross, and so many nails from it, that it is supposed a man-of-war does not contain more wood and iron. Thorns from the crown were found in great quantity, and some of them bled every holy Friday. The cup, from which Christ drank when he instituted the Lord's supper, was discovered, together with some of the bread left from that repast. The dice which the soldiers used for casting lots for the garments were also found, and likewise the unseamed tunic. There exist such tunics at Triers, Argenteuil, St. Jago, Rome, and many other places. All have a certificate from Infallibility.

There were also found infallible shirts of the Virgin, as large as carriers' frocks. Her very precious wedding ring was shown at Perusa, together with a pair of very neat slippers, and a pair of very large red slippers, which she wore when paying a visit to St. Elizabeth. Milk of Mary was discovered in great abundance, and Divine blood: sometimes in single drops, sometimes bottled. There exist also the in-

fallible swaddling clothes, a very small pair of infallible breeches of St. Joseph, and his carpenter's tools. One of the thirty silver pieces, the price of the awful treachery of Judas, has also been preserved, together with the rope—twelve feet long and rather too thin—by which the traitor hanged himself; also, his very small empty purse. Even the perch turned up, on which the cock crew which startled the conscience of the Prince of Apostles; even the stone with which the evil one tempted Our Lord in the desert; even the basin in which Pilate washed his hands; even the bones of the ass on which the entry into Jerusalem was made. There were even revealed relics from the Old Testament which had lain safely hidden vast numbers of years. For instance: the staff with which Moses parted the Red Sea; manna from the desert; the beard of Noah; a piece of the rock from which Moses drew water.

The belief of the benighted people in these relics was so strong, that the priests could even venture to show, not merely absurdly improbable, but manifestly impossible relics; there once were on exhibition, and are even now in some countries, such relics as the dagger and buckles of the Archangel Michael; something of the breath of Our Saviour preserved in a box; a bottle of Egyptian darkness; something of the sound of the bells chiming at the entry into Jerusalem; a beam of the star which conducted the wise men from the East to Bethlehem; something of the Word that had become flesh; sighs of Joseph, breathed forth when he had to plane very knotty boards; the thorn in the flesh which so greatly troubled St. Paul.

In Germany alone there were nearly one hundred wonder-working images of the Virgin, but the most celebrated is that at Loreto, in the house already mentioned. It is ascribed to St. Luke, and is most carefully cut out of cedar wood, and is dyed black by the smoke of many millions of wax candles burnt there by pilgrims. The next celebrated image is at St. Jago de Compostella, where you might have seen but a few years ago, thirty thousand pilgrims at once; none of whom dared to approach it empty handed.

## THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

### A YACHTING STORY.

#### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER I. OVER THE GRAVE.

THE dismal event, it may be imagined, furnished some substantial grist for little mills supplied by the chiffonniers who went about St. Arthur's, picking up and sorting the old bones and rags of gossip. The poor

of the place, always grumbling, for once owned that Providence had dealt impartially with the rich as well as themselves, and drew a better lesson to that effect than they had ever done from the teachings of the Reverend Dr. Bailey.

That clergyman, as it was a vast occasion to which he wished to rise, put himself to the trouble of writing a mortuary sermon, "brand new," for the occasion, in which he seemed to grow so juicy about the eyes, and scorbatic in his cheeks, that he looked an undertaker in a surplice. In that crowded church he addressed hostile and expostulatory questions to the great King of Terror and to the graves he digs, as if to his own maid-servant, and dwelt sonorously on the station Laura would have adorned. Her noble and spreading lands, her "pageantry of palaces"—where were they all *now*? Her grieving father, who was present, utterly prostrated and broken with the shock, was too much absorbed in his mind to see anything that was exaggerated in the statement, that "he"—Dr. Bailey—"knew her young heart, every corner of it," and that in the course of his professional "spiritual ministrations," his guidance of that matchless young creature had made him as familiar with her mind as he was with his own. But what was he to say to those she had left behind? Nothing, nothing, nothing! which, with a strange contradiction, reached to nearly a quarter of an hour's expatiation, pointed at the bereaved father.

The funeral was indeed magnificent, a monument of grief and costliness, Messrs. Hodman, the well-known entrepreneurs of such shows in town, exerting themselves to their best. All the foolish ostentation in which Death revels, when the rich are concerned, was nobly displayed. Mr. Hodman, who attended in person, was heard to say, "that he had not got to bed for two nights." Sir Charles was indeed the class of mourner for whom it was worth while making an exertion. "None of your peddling, 'estimate' sort of fellers," said Mr. Hodman, "who will call you into their front parlour, and, with the poor remains lying cold up-stairs, will go on a 'aggling with you.'"

On this morning there was a surprise for the sailors of the port, who found that the Almandine, so long familiar to their eyes, had stolen back like some spectral ship. The actors in the drama rubbed their eyes, as they looked from their windows and saw the apparition, and appeared to find some mysterious connexion between that yacht and the young and glittering craft, all snowy sails and gay fluttering

flags, which had glided away out on the vast ocean of eternity, and which would never return into that port. No such transcendental associations occurred to the doctor, who merely said: "God bless me! that boat back again! But quite proper. Nice good feeling and attention on the young man's part. Brought his yacht here, all the way, for the funeral!" Then the dismal ceremonial began. There was one figure that attracted the crowds that thronged the pews and galleries of the church—a thin, worn, haggard, wild-eyed creature, whose strange and almost ghastly air was rendered even more remarkable by his exaggerated black dress. Some of the young girls of the place, who had taken the deepest interest in the whole affair, turned away from him in terror—from eyes whose glances every now and again seemed to dart from side to side, as if seeking something, to settle at last on a retired corner of the gallery, where they seemed to probe, and even stab, fiercely, until, at last, other faces were attracted, and looked in the same direction. There was seen a pale face, a figure bent low on its knees, and lips moving in prayer. At lunch and dinner that day, the association of gossips wondered and wondered again why Jessica Bailey had deserted her family, and sought that obscure corner. A solution was soon hit upon, by an elderly gentleman paying a visit. "It was shocking," he said, "to see such vindictiveness even in presence of the dead. To think that Bailey's daughter would not be seen in her public place at the funeral of one she disliked, but skulked away in a corner!" This was the charitable construction put on the matter, which those beside her, who saw her hands clasped convulsively, and her lips moving in prayer, might have found quite inconsistent. Her eyes followed the dark figures moving below, and the black-draped bier, whereon the poor lost heiress of Panton lay—and by what agency? The long combat that had begun at school was ended there; and a voice, she could not be deaf to, was always in her ear, whispering, hoarsely, not only that the victory was hers, but that she had won it by her own act. She saw the procession trail out to the graveyard, and could not bring herself to rise up and follow it. Then the doctor went through his service; and in a new vault the young creature of such hopes, and life, and brightness, was put to rest.

The doctor had done his part, in an extra impressive way, which he kept for

persons of importance, consigning dust to its companion dust, on average occasions, with a vigorous and business-like air. The sweet and almost tearful resignation he could assume on occasions of bereavement in high life, would have secured him an advantageous engagement in quite another profession.

When all was over, and the crowd had dispersed, the doctor with "the bereaved father" (as he persisted in styling him for many weeks to come) went into the church, and was a long time walking round it, and looking at various portions of it. They were selecting a suitable spot for a most gorgeous marble monument, the finest that the genius of Knollys, R.A., could devise. His having already thus decorated the remains of a royal personage was in itself a guarantee with the doctor for the artistic character of the performance.

After all, we may not find fault with these post-mortem tributes, which, with their inscriptions and flourishes, of image and panegyric, have been so often sneered at, for they at least soothe the torn and pierced hearts of those who have been left behind; who by planning, and erecting, and contemplating such things, divert what would have been an agonising inaction, until Time steps in, and soothingly brings resignation.

#### CHAPTER II. A MENACE.

WHILE they were thus engaged Jessica was hovering afar off, drawn by some strange attraction, to wait and see the end. She heard them fix on a spot, the doctor lecturing on its advantages; the chief of which seemed to be that it could be seen from all parts of the church. "We cannot do too much in this sad bereavement, and I am confident Mr. Knollys will do his best."

When they were, at last, gone, and the baronet seemed now to be led away, an old broken man, on his friend's arm, she stole into the church, up to the space that had been selected; through the window she could see the stone slab of the new vault, and turned away her head. There would come a Sunday, shortly perhaps, when the memorial would face her, as she sat in her usual seat; the pure snowy marble canopy, sheltering the sleeping figure, whose hands would be joined on its breast; below there would be the inscription, age, date, wretched father, extravagant praise, best of children, beloved by all who knew her. Jessica had shrunk from that picture of the sleeping

image, to be always before her as she prayed of a Sunday; but that imaginary inscription came to her as a wholesome corrective, and made her cold and stern again. "It was a judgment," she said, as she turned away. "I have nothing to do with it. It does not lie with me!" Suddenly she found the worn face of Dudley was looking at her. "Who said it lay with you? With all your hatred to her, *that* was never changed. Are you here to gloat over her grave?"

She drew herself up, and met his look of dislike. "Over that grave I shall not dispute with you. You know what my nature is, and that it is not one likely to exult over the fallen. Further, I can tell you I was thinking, with bitter regret, over our old disputes, and that I might have judged her harshly."

"*Might* have! Is *that* your only amende? Take care that you have not the same equity meted out to you; that people may not accuse you, and at last let you off with a 'might have judged harshly.' You amaze me—accustomed as I am to strange things in this world—to think that you can have all this coolness and hardness. Oh, the poor, poor girl!" he added, with despair in his tones. "Oh, what a mysterious end! They take it all as a matter of course, and accept the physician's twaddle. Yet I believe she was harassed and excited by those who had an interest in exciting her. Never fear, they shall all account for it—every one of them. If I were a Corsican I might take their way—don't be alarmed, Miss Bailey. But I may tell you this—and you know yourself it is the truth—if we were to cast up all her troubles and annoyances, *you* would be found to be the one who fretted and harassed her most persistently."

She faltered. "I am innocent; it was she who made my life wretched, and who harassed me."

"That is false; you must not say that, standing so near to where she lies. I do not want to threaten you; but there is a retribution for these things. It will overtake you—never fear. Nay, it has begun its work already. What has drawn you here to-day but remorse? I might swear this, too, there was more between you and her than the world shall ever know."

Jessica involuntarily started.

"Yes," he went on, "and I shall have something to live for, if only to search and hunt up all that concerns her. I go away now for a time. I must school myself in wild travels in wild places, to be



alone with my miserable heart. If something comes to end all, it will be welcome; if not, I shall return to see what atonement has been made. There is one outrage on her memory which must not be. Now, let there be no mistake. I give you this warning as from her. It would make her turn in her grave—rise from it! So, beware! You understand me. Should he or you dare, there will be a penalty exacted, to which the most refined torture you could dream of will be as nothing!"

Jessica was so confounded at the strange tone with which this was spoken, so overwhelmed too with the events of the day, she could make no reply. A secret chill at her heart seemed to hint to her that something like retribution or punishment was to come on her, of which this man might be the agent. His love and grief were so intense, it was certain to give him an almost supernatural power, the very eagerness and concentration of his purpose on this one point giving him an irresistible strength. No wonder she shrank from that spectral figure, which seemed to glide away among the church pillars as if into thin air. No wonder that from that fatal day a sort of cloud seemed to settle down upon her—a sense of some coming blow to be expected sooner or later. With this presentiment to attend her, she turned towards her home. Home, indeed! She longed even for the world. She could not shut out those fierce, ever-menacing, and avenging eyes, and all she could do was to repeat to herself, "I am innocent as regards her. I can ask my conscience again and again, and it tells me I have done nothing."

Though she had made an almost ascetic resolve that such a day of humiliation should not be profaned by thought of anything selfish, anything that was near or dear to her, she could not shut out a speculation, which, turn away her eyes as she would, made her heart flutter.

Conway! What would he do, now his own strange presentiment had been fulfilled, that something would interpose between him and that engagement, that their hearts were to come together again? She almost flung the idea from her with a sort of shame; but still it came back to her. What would Conway do now? Would not that sudden and ghastly end turn all his sympathies to what he had lost, and perhaps make him shrink from one who was to profit so speedily by the ruin of another? She felt if he was to come before her at that moment, she could not look at

him with unshrinking eyes, which he would think were asking him, was he ready now to fulfil his bond? This idea seemed to devour her. Her impulse was to write him, and say he must not, for the world, even so much as dream of the plan they had settled; it must be buried with what had been buried that day. Then she thought, and rightly, that this seemed like a reminder.

It was to be resolved for her in a moment. She was at her window, her eyes fixed on the far-off yacht. Suddenly she saw its faint lines quivering and shaking; the little flakes of snowy white began to grow and spread like wings, then flutter in the breeze. He was going, leaving, and without a word. Thank God for it! It was for the best, the proper and right course. Yet now, indeed, the cruel sense of blank desertion came upon her, for it was evident that he, indeed, took that view, and thought that so ghastly a catastrophe altered all arrangements between them. It was harsh, almost cruel, to her.

But he *had* thought of her, for here was a letter from him.

I would have asked to see you to-day, but your own tender heart will help you to the reason. On such a day as this I cannot bear to think of anything but what concerns the dead, and her terribly mysterious end. There is a guilty feeling at my heart that I had something to do with it, so strangely have my idle words come to pass. Still, as I am going away now, I must speak plainly.

With time all this will have passed away, and we can look back, not to these last few wretched days, but to what was so solemnly engaged between us. *That* no sensitiveness on your side can dissolve, and that I shall call on you to fulfil.

I now go to face debts, dangers, and difficulties, to find some extrication, if there be any. Not before a year shall you hear of me. Bear your present trials for that short space of time, at least, and then we shall both be able to approach the matter calmly and logically. We have neither of us deserved any blame. During that time think of me.

"Never," thought Jessica. "Life is all over for me; that poor girl has vanquished me after all. No, I *dare* not; her image would always be between us, and that dreadful last scene." Far better that she alone should see it. Did he know

of it, he must always insensibly associate her with the grimness of that terrible end. Gradually he would learn how their last words had been words of anger and defiance. She preferred that he should always think of her as she was, than run any risk of his being changed to her. It would be for the best to end it all at once.

Yet when she came to write she wanted heart. The old question recurred, what had she done, why should she offer her whole life and happiness as an expiatory offering to one who would have spared her nothing? He was gone, and she might put off the letter until to-morrow. Then another day went by, and another. In fact, she had not heart to take such a step. She could wait.

Then began a weary time for her, one of suspense and anxiety. Gradually the gossips came to have done with this all but inexhaustible subject, having discounted it in every conceivable way. The place was shut up, Sir Charles was gone away, never to return, and it was known that the handsome castle would soon be offered for sale. A stone cross had been put up on the spot where the heiress had met her death, whither many a walk was taken on Sunday evenings, and where, to inquiring little children, the story was told in all mystery.

Weeks, months passed by, and she heard nothing of Conway. Facts and rumours came down of what was doing as respects the estate, the breaking up of the establishment, the great sale, the proceedings in Chancery, in fact, all the usual incidents of clearing decks, throwing overboard, cutting away masts, which attend such wrecks, and which often will not save the ship. It was certain, however, that the most vigorous and resolute measures were being taken, and there was evidence of some decided and thorough spirit being at work.

#### CHAPTER III. THE NEW MONUMENT.

At last nearly a year went by, a time more than sufficient to save or to destroy. Still there came no tidings. Then the doctor heard that the family had gone abroad, and he told the news, with a fitting contempt, that "they were broke horse and foot," but had contrived to save something out of the fire. This charge may have been owing to the doctor's constitutional contempt for poverty in general, and reverses in particular, but was more specially connected with accurate news he had received of the flourishing health of the incumbent whose living had been promised to him, and

who had returned from the Homburg waters with a fresh stock of vitality.

As the space between that scene on the river gradually widened, and newer associations of regret and tenderness for the victim were quite softening away all ugly memories, Jessica felt every hour an increasing certainty that this was the solution. Conway must naturally turn his eyes away from that spot, where he had found such pain and trouble, and even a little bit of tragedy. He would be glad to have done with it, and his vague and generous promise need not stand in the way.

Meanwhile, Knollys, R.A., had been diligently at work, and had completed a memorial which was much admired in town. The doctor had volunteered a Latin inscription, which he had forced with much importunity on the father with many a "Leave it to me, Sir Charles. I'll find something classical." In the club, and in many a house in the town, he was for ever pulling out his bit of paper, with the "rough draft" of this inscription, and grew testy and even insolent, when anything like an emendation was suggested. It ran something after this fashion:

HIC · DEPOSITUM · EST  
OMNE · QUOD · SUPEREST.  
MORTALE.

LAURÆ.

CAROLI · PANTONI · BARONETTE ·  
FILIA · DILECTISSIMA.

And expatiated a good deal on her being "endowed with abundant wealth, and great tracts of land, and having left her weeping father and loving friends to sorrow inconsolable." In short, to do the doctor justice, it was a very fair reproduction of the correct mortuary inscriptions.

In due time great cases came down by train along with workmen, and the memorial was set up in the church. Knollys, R.A., had done his best—which did not travel beyond a limited area. The result was a Gothic marble canopy, with the snowy figure reposing beneath, as if asleep, her arms upon her breast and her hands crossed. They had been at work for three or four days, and on the Saturday were trying hard to get all finished by the Sunday. About seven o'clock it was ready; the men had gathered up their tools and gone away; a gas lamp or two was still flaring, and by-and-bye they would come and sweep away the dust and fragments. The light played in curious coloured shadows on the low-lying marble

figure, which was destined to repose tranquilly there during many an untold Sunday service, while gentler or louder voices would come and succeed the doctor's; while new and ever succeeding eyes would wander over and speculate as to the story to whom this gigantic LAURÆ seemed to belong. There, too, was the clergyman's pew almost on a level—so near that a woman's eyes in that pew could peer into that cold marble face.

Such a reflection actually occurred to a veiled and muffled figure, standing in front of the monument, and gazing at the sleeping figure with a strange and sad interest. There was her old enemy lying prostrate before her in chill stone, with something like a reproach on her face. Knollys, R.A., had at least made a good likeness.

She saw even in that dim light the same perverse look about the lips, closed with a certain obstinacy. But the idea of having to sit there, Sunday after Sunday, with that face gazing at her, and taking, by force of her own imagination, expressions of reproach, anger, or superiority, was, she felt, more than she could endure. "Not that!" she said, half aloud. "Is there nothing to save me from *that*? Yet if she were to arise now from that cold bed I would not shrink nor fly; for I am innocent in all that took place about her. Even now, as she lies there, she has her victory, and I do not grudge it to her; but it falls hardly on me. She might raise her head from that cold pillow, and give her old smile of triumph to see me thus deserted. Yet I cannot bring myself to blame him. I should have known that this must have come to pass, that he has been forced again into the auction room to extricate his family. Yet it would be more like retribution if *she* had still power to keep him from me now as she had in her life."

She turned hastily; for she heard a sound of steps slowly approaching, and did not wish to be surprised. In a moment she heard a voice, the music of which she well knew. She gave a cry of surprise and joy.

"Jessica!" said Conway. "It seems no chance that has made us meet here in presence of her image. The same holy thought drew you here as well as me, and takes away my last foolish scruple. We can both approach to pay this poor homage to her memory; and you know we dared not do it unless our hearts were pure. Ah, Jessica! now at last I can shut out that

dismal day; now we can look to the future, and think of being happy."

"And you have returned to me," said Jessica. "I never dreamed of this. I had given up all hope of seeing you again."

"We have hope now for the future, and plenty," he said, eagerly. "All will be well. The clouds have all passed away. I could have returned here long since, but hesitated, thinking that you, like myself, had some weak scruple, and that that poor girl's end might be supposed to have changed everything. Yet though I hardly dare say it, it seems I was saved from a terrible fate—from a shipwrecked life, from the degradation of having married for money, and from the misery which must have followed. But now all is clear at last, and I have come back to save you. You shall at last begin a happy life with me. We shall never look back! Hush! who is this?"

A figure came slowly advancing into the church, and the two hastily drew aside into the shadow. The figure still advanced until close up to the monument, clasped its hands, and, bending passionately over the marble figure, gazed with an unspeakable tenderness into the face. Then bent down slowly and kissed the marble cheek. Turning round suddenly at some sound of footsteps the light fell on his face, and his fierce eyes were directed into the dark shadow where they stood.

"What!" cried Dudley. "You have chosen this place and this night for your unholy meeting! Does *she* dare—of all creatures in the world!"

"Hush!" said Conway, indignantly. "This is no place——"

"Come away, then, out of it," he said, frantically. "I will not have this sacred spot profaned by your meeting."

They were now outside the church. "See, Dudley," said Conway, gently, "I can make any allowance in your case; but this seems going too far."

"I see the game," said Dudley, looking from one to the other, "she is out of the way now, a decent time has elapsed, and you pick *her* out the unrelenting enemy—almost her murderer!"

Conway felt Jessica's arm trembling on his, and she herself was nearly falling. "This is intolerable," he said. "And you must be mad to speak so."

"Take care, Conway," said the other solemnly. "I give you this solemn caution. Take care what step you take; if you profane the dead in *that* way, I tell you you

little dream of the curse that will attend you through life. And you," he said, turning to Jessica, "if you have sense or wisdom, and value your peace of mind for the rest of your life, you will pause before you engage in this sacrilege. I am no prophet, but a man that has kept my word in everything yet. What I have said should come to pass has come to pass. For his sake, if not for your own, take care."

"Come, no more of this," said Conway. "You have forgotten that other lesson I once gave you, I can see."

"That style of speech will not affect me. I have a duty to-night, and it will not turn me from it."

His eyes, even in that darkness, were so wild and fierce, that he seemed under the influence of some frenzy. Jessica felt she could not endure this trial much longer, and whispering Conway, "Let me go, he frightens me," fled away out of the church.

"This is generous and manly on your side, Dudley," said Conway, "and only that I myself must hang my head in that presence, and cannot justify myself, I would be very angry. I am sorry to see you cannot control yourself."

"Yet it was a hard fate, Conway. One so young, and with such fair prospects."

The other said warmly, "It seems cruel. And yet if it had been otherwise, she might never have been happy."

"With you?" said Dudley, looking at him fixedly. "Why not?"

"But I have repented it bitterly. No one can know the remorse I have suffered, And after all, from what the doctor said, this cruel end of hers might have come at any moment from any excitement. Nay, should properly have come before."

"But how can you tell?" said the other: "how can you be sure, that this excitement that caused her death had not something to do with you or yours? What if she had found out this wicked deception of yours? You called it so yourself. Or if some one had charitably told her of it. There is no knowing."

"Impossible," said the other. "I had left her but a few minutes, and was signalling to her from the yacht. The doctor explained it simply. She had stumbled against the root of a tree, and the start and shock——"

"Of course, we know that. I am only

speculating. Doctors can explain everything. But were I her father, or were I her acknowledged lover, I mean a genuine lover, I should not be satisfied. I should not go mooning ridiculously about, questioning and speculating. When I had found out all, which might also mean that there was nothing to be found out, I should rest. Now you mean to marry that clergyman's daughter. There is no use disguising it, Conway. Duty came first; then love. You are entitled to follow your inclinations. I don't want to pry into your secrets."

"You have guessed rightly," said the other. "If you knew the whole story, you would say it is but a poor reparation for all she has borne for me, and from the world."

"Not a word of her," said Dudley, furiously. "No glorification of her. I know her true character. You can marry whom you please, and welcome. Though I would warn you as a friend, in this case take care. She is marked, and has a reckoning to pay us yet—a heavy one."

"I see there is no reasoning with you," said Conway. "I am going home: good night."

"I am not going home, and shall wait here."

Any one lingering in that church would have seen Dudley's face lit up with a sort of ghastly delight.

Then approaching the marble monument he bent over it again, and said to it, "Now, lost angel, there will be a sacrifice at your tomb, as good as any ever offered at any shrine. And before long I shall bring to you an offering of their joint misery and wrecked happiness, that will help to make you sleep calmly in your grave."

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